

Plucke the graue wrinkled Senate from the Bench,  
And minister in their needs, to generall Filthes.  
Conuert o'th' Instant Greene Virginity,  
Doo't in your Parents eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast  
Rather then render backe; out with your Knives,  
And cut your Trusters throates. Bound Seruants, steale,  
Large-handed Robbers your graue Masters are,  
And pill by Law. Maide, to thy Masters bed,  
Thy Mistis is o'th' Brothell. Some of sixteen,  
Plucke the lyn'd Crutch from thy old limping Sire,  
With it, beate out his Braines. Piety, and Feare,  
Religion to the Gods, Peace, Iustice, Truth,  
Domesticke awe, Night-rest, and Neighbour-hood,  
Instruction, Manners, Myteries, and Trades,  
Degrees, Obseruances, Customs, and Lawes,  
Decline to your confounding contraries.  
And yet Confusion liue: Plagues incident to men,  
Your potent and infectious Feaours, heape  
On Athens ripe for stroke. Thou cold Sciatica,  
Cripple our Senators, that their limbes may halt  
As lamely as their Manners. Lust, and Libertie  
Creepe in the Mindes and Marrowes of our youth,  
That 'gainst the streame of Vertue they may strue,  
And drowne themselves in Riot. Itches, Blaines,  
Sowe all th'Athenian bosomes, and their crop  
Be generall Leprosie: Breath infect breath,  
That their Society (as their Friendship) may  
Be meere poysen. Nothing Ile beare from thee  
But nakednesse, thou detestable Towne,  
Take thou that too, with multiplying Bannes:  
Timon will to the Woods, where he shall finde  
Th'vnikindest Beast, more kinder then Mankinde.  
The Gods confound (heare me you good Gods all)  
Th'Athenians both within and out that Wall:  
And graunt as Timon growes, his hate may grow  
To the whole race of Mankinde, high and low.  
Amen.

Enter Steward with two or three Seruants.

1 Heare you M. Steward, where's our Master?  
Are we vndone, cast off, nothing remaining?  
Stew. Alack my Fellowes, what should I say to you?  
Let me be recorded by the righteous Gods,  
I am as poore as you.

1 Such a House broke?  
So Noble a Master false, all gone, and not  
One Friend to take his Fortune by the arme,  
And go along with him.

2 As we do turne our backs  
From our Companion, throwne into his graue,  
So his Familiars to his buried Fortunes  
Slinke all away, leaue their false vowes with him  
Like empty purses pickt; and his poore selfe  
A dedicated Beggar to the Ayre,  
With his disease, of all shunn'd pouerty,  
Walkes like contempt alone. More of our Fellowes.

Enter other Seruants.

Stew. All broken Implements of a ruin'd house.  
3 Yet do our hearts weare Timons Liury,  
That see I by our Faces: we are Fellowes still,  
Seuing alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our Barke,  
And we poore Mates, stand on the dying Decke,  
Hearing the Surges threat: we must all part  
Into this Sea of Ayre.

Stew. Good Fellowes all,

The latest of my wealth Ile share among't you.  
Where euer we shall meete, for Timons sake,  
Let's yet be Fellowes. Let's shake our heads, and say  
As 'twere a Knell vnto our Masters Fortunes,  
We haue scene better dayes. Let each take some:  
Nay put out all your hands: Not one word more,  
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poore.

Embrace and part severall wayes.

Oh the fierce wretchednesse that Glory brings vs!  
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,  
Since Riches point to Misery and Contempt?  
Who would be so mock'd with Glory, or to liue  
But in a Dreame of Friendship,  
To haue his pompe, and all what state compounds,  
But onely painted like his varnish'd Friends:  
Poore honest Lord, brought lowe by his owne heart,  
Vndone by Goodnesse: Strange vnusuall blood,  
When mans worst sinne is, He do's too much Good.  
Who then dares to be halfe so kinde agen?  
For Bounty that makes Gods, do still marre Men:  
My dearest Lord, blest to be most accurst,  
Rich onely to be wretched; thy great Fortunes  
Are made thy cheefe Afflictions. Alas (kinde Lord)  
Hee's slung in Rage from this ingratefull Seate  
Of monstrous Friends:  
Nor ha's he with him to supply his life,  
Or that which can command it:  
Ile follow and enquire him out.  
Ile euer serue his minde, with my best will,  
Whilst I haue Gold, Ile be his Steward still.

Exit.

Enter Timon in the woods.

Tim. O blessed breeding Sun, draw from the earth  
Rotten humidity: below thy Sisters Orbe  
Infect the ayre. Twin'd Brothers of one wombe,  
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,  
Scarfe is diuidant; touch them with severall fortunes,  
The greater scornes the lesfer. Not Nature  
(To whom all fores lay siege) can beare great Fortune  
But by contempt of Nature.  
Raile me this Begger, and deny't that Lord,  
The Senators shall beare contempt Hereditary,  
The Begger Native Honor.  
It is the Pastour Lards, the Brothers sides,  
The want that makes him leaue: who dares? who dares  
In puritie of Manhood stand vpright  
And say, this mans a Flatterer. If one be,  
So are they all: for euerie grize of Fortune  
Is smooth'd by that below. The Learned pate  
Duckes to the Golden Foole. All's oblique:  
There's nothing leuell in our cursed Natures  
But direct villanie. Therefore be abhorr'd,  
All Feasts, Societies, and Throngs of men.  
His semblable, yea himselfe Timon disdaines,  
Destruction phang mankind; Earth yeeld me Rootes,  
Who seeks for better of thee, sawce his pallate  
With thy most operant Poysen. What is heere?  
Gold? Yellow, glittering, precious Gold?  
No Gods, I am no idle Votarist,  
Roots you cleere Heauens, Thus much of this will make  
Blacke, white; fowle, faire; wrong, right;  
Base, Noble; Old, young; Coward, valiant.  
Ha you Gods! why this? what this. you Gods? why this  
Will luge your Priests and Seruants from your sides:  
Plucke your mens pillows from below their heads.

This

This yellow Slaue,  
Will knit and breake Religions, bleste th' accurst,  
Make the hoare Leprosie ador'd, place Theeues,  
And giue them Title, knee, and approbation  
With Senators on the Bench: This is it  
That makes the wappen'd Widdow wed againe;  
Shee, whom the Spittle-house, and ulcerous sores,  
Would cast the gorge at. This Embalmes and Spices  
To'th' Aprill day againe. Come damn'd Earth,  
Thou common whore of Mankinde, that puttest odde  
Among the rout of Nations, I will make thee  
Do thy right Nature. March a farre off.  
Ha? A Drumme? Th'art quick;  
But yet lie bury thee: Thou' go (strong Theefe)  
When Gowry keepers of thee cannot stand:  
Nay stay thou out for earnest.

Enter Alcibiades with Drumme and Fife in warlike manner,  
and Phrynia and Timandra.

Alc. What art thou there? speake.

Tim. A Beast as thou art. The Canker gnaw thy hart  
For shewing me againe the eyes of Man.

Alc. What is thy name? Is man so hatefull to thee,  
That art thy selfe a Man?

Tim. I am *Alisauropes*, and hate Mankinde.

For thy part, I do with thou wert a dogge,  
That I might loue thee something.

Alc. I know thee well:

But in thy Fortunes am vnlearn'd, and strange.

Tim. I know thee too, and more then that I know thee  
I not desire to know. Follow thy Drumme,  
With mans blood paint the ground Gules, Gules:  
Religious Cannons, ciuill Lawes are cruell,  
Then what should warre be? This fell whore of thine,  
Hath in her more destruction then thy Sword,  
For all her Cherubin looke.

Phrynia. Thy lips rot off.

Tim. I will not kisse thee, then the rot returns  
To thine owne lippes againe.

Alc. How came the Noble Timon to this change?

Tim. As the Moone do's, by wanting light to giue:  
But then renew I could not like the Moone,  
There were no Sunnes to borrow of.

Alc. Noble Timon, what friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to maintaine my opinion.

Alc. What is it Timon?

Tim. Promise me Friendship, but performe none.

If thou wilt not promise, the Gods plague thee, for thou  
art a man: if thou do'st performe, confound thee, for  
thou art a man.

Alc. I haue heard in some sort of thy Miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them when I had prosperitie.

Alc. I see them now, then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of Harlots.

Timon. Is this th'Athenian Minion, whom the world  
Voic'd to regardfully?

Tim. Art thou Timandra?

Timon. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still, they loue thee not that vse thee,  
giue thee diseases, leauing with thee their Lust. Make  
vse of thy salt houres, season the slaues for Tubbes and  
Batches, bring downe Rose-cheek youth to the Fubfast,  
and the Diet.

Timon. Hang thee Monster.

Alc. Pardon him sweet Timandra, for his wits  
Are drown'd and lost in his Calamities.

I haue but little Gold of late  
The want whereof, doth da  
In my penurious Band. I ha  
How cursed Athens, mindel  
Forgetting thy great deeds,  
But for thy Sword and Fort

Tim. I prythee beate thy

Alc. I am thy Friend, an

Tim. How dost thou pi

I had rather be alone.

Alc. Why fare thee we

Heere is some Gold for thee

Tim. Keepe it, I cannot

Alc. When I haue laid p

Tim. Warr'st thou gain

Alc. I Timon, and haue

Tim. The Gods confound

And thee after, when thou h

Alc. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That by killing of

Thou wast borne to conqu

Put vp thy Gold. Go on, h

Be as a Planetary plague,

Will o're some high-Vie'd

In the sicke ayre: let not th

Pity not honour'd Age for

He is an Vsurer. Strike me

It is her habite onely, that i

Her selfe's a Bawd. Let no

Make soft thy trenchant Sw

That through the window

Are not within the Lease o

But set them down horribl

Whose dimpled smiles fro

Thinke it a Bastard, whom

Hath doubtfully pronounc

And mince it sans remorie

Put Armour on thine cares

Whose prooffe, nor yels of

Nor sight of Priests in hol

Shall pierce a iot. There's

Make large confusion: and

Confounded be thy selfe.

Alc. Hast thou Gold y

uest me, not all thy Coun

Tim. Dost thou or dost

thee.

Both. Giue vs some G

Tim. Enough to make

And to make Whores, a B

Your Aprons mountant; y

Although I know you'l sw

Into strong shudders, and

Th'immortall Gods that h

Ile trust to your Condition

And he whose pious breat

Be strong in Whore, allur

Let your close fire predom

And be no turne-coats: ye

Be quite contrary. And

Your poore thin Roofes w

(Some that were hang'd) i

Weare them, betray with

Paint till a horse may myr

A box of wrinkles.

Both. Well, more Gol